

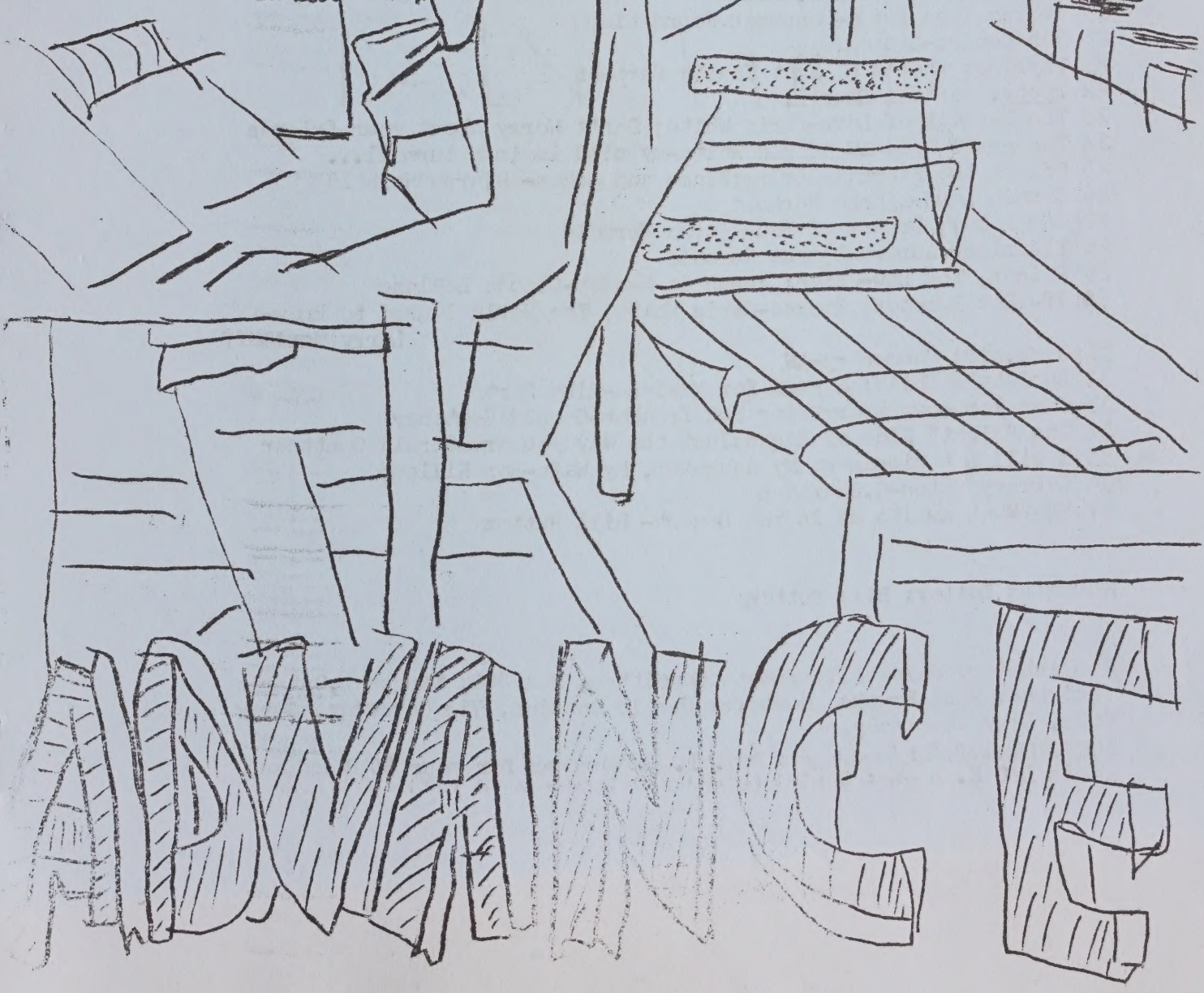
APRIL-MAY
1978

Published
Monthly by
Joyceville Inmate
Committee

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

MAY 16 1978

LIBRARY



CONTENTS

PAGE

1. Ottawa Journal: Former Mountie Inspector-General; Montreal Star: Inmates want Files, Rights Act Cited
2. Ottawa Citizen: Carrying the Ball: Stewart Tackles A new Job as Prison Investigator
3. Supreme Court of Ontario Ruling
4. Yesterday's Con- Dan O'D
5. What it's like to be a member of The Lifeservers-Paul Frank
6. The Adventures of Spook- Stan Lietivinkas
7. Dr. Doug Montgomery on HYPNOSIS
10. Cartoon-Stan L.
11. Bruce on Bridge
12. Pinochle by Bruce
15. Cartoon; Languages
16. Cartoon: In the Con by Cameroon
17. I Believe-Daniel Pineault; The Wisdom of Birds-Daniel Pineault
18. Prayer for True Happiness in Life:Keith Washington; No Prayer Goes Unheard-Ellen S. Rice
19. Ashram Yoga Poses- Hanuman Foundation
20. Zen Comics-Stan L.
21. Physics: What's a Light Year?; Cartoon
22. Poets: Cartoon Stan L.
23. The Seasons of Love-Chris White; Don't Worry about your friends
24. The great toad-AW; Chris White-my mind is in a turmoil...
25. Ode to the Eternal Spring; Flame and Ashes- Bjarne Herhold
26. Cosmic Love-Bjarne Herhold
27. Laval Zoo; Dreams of You-Bjarne Herhold
28. Illusion; Aurora-Bjarne Herhold
29. Poison, The Law- Anon; Jesus in Heaven-Claude LeBlanc
30. If- Bob Rushton; Hooked-Chris White; The World I used to know- Larry Wasiloff
31. Name, sir; Commentary-AW
32. Society's Child; A Poem for Marlene-Mike Part
33. Just for now; Everything but freedom-Gerald Genttner
34. The "Right" Side of Right; Just the Way you are-Gerald Genttner
35. I will not die-Anon; My daughter, My Wife-Ron Killeen
36. Library Notes-C. Sheridan
37. SF--What Awaits Me in the Desert- Bill Hutton

Managing Editor: Bill Hutton

Published by Joyceville Inmate Committee, Box 880, Kingston, Ontario
Chairman: Paul Franks; Members: Harold Bastien, Vic Caverley, Gerry Rowe, Drew Hennessey

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: Thank you Rev. I. LeFournier for your \$5 donation.
Admin L/C K. Boone: Social & Cultural Development Officer

NEWSPAPER STORIES

Ottawa Journal, April 5, 1978 FORMER MOUNTIE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF
PENITENTIARIES

The federal prison system got its first inspector-general Tuesday as Allan F. Wrenshall of Ottawa was appointed to investigate irregularities that occur behind prison walls.

Solicitor-General Jean-Jacques Blais announced the appointment to the Commons justice committee, some of whose members recommended last June after a tour of the prison system that such a watchdog be appointed.

"Many irregularities exist in penitentiaries that are inconsistent with national policy, but which somehow manage to be overlooked, ignored or never discovered by the intermediate levels of the penitentiary service," the MP's said in a report to Parliament.

Chief Supt. Wrenshall has just completed 30 years with the RCMP.

Blais said Wrenshall's job is to "plan and manage a program of independent review and appraisal of the operational effectiveness of penitentiary service policies."

Wrenshall, a science graduate of Carleton University, was assistant director of laboratories and identification at RCMP headquarters from 1975 to 1977.

Montreal Star, March 15, 1978 INMATES WANT FILES, RIGHTS ACT CITED

OTTAWA (CP)--A "voluminous" number of federal prisoners have applied under the Canadian Human Rights Act for a look at their personal files, says Solicitor-General Jean-Jacques Blais.

Mr. Blais told the Commons justice committee yesterday he is aware of the concern of prison employees who have contributed to the files, which have always been kept from the prisoners.

Committee Chairman Mark MacGuigan (L--Windsor-Walkerville) said many employees have got in touch with MP's to express their concern. They were "greatly troubled."

The applications have been made since the act came into force March 1.

Mr. Blais said Penitentiary Commissioner Donald Yeomans had sent a memo to prison employees to ensure that the applications don't "hinder" routine.

Meanwhile, he expected to be able to tell the committee April 4 what position the penitentiary service will take on the applications.

The system has always rejected attempts by prisoners to see their files, saying the result might be acts of revenge against those who contribute to the files.

A file is kept on each prisoner and includes not only comments by prison employees but by police, psychiatrists, relatives and others.

Prison classification officers and parole officers compile the files for use when a prisoner comes up for a parole hearing.

Mr. Blais was told yesterday government cannot keep running the prison system like it does the post office.

Liberals and Progressive Conservatives on the justice committee told Mr. Blais his proposals to control prison employees do not go far enough.

They zeroed in on one that would make the Canadian Penitentiary Service a separate employer under the Public Service Employment Act and the Public Service Staff Relations Act.

A special Commons sub-committee last June recommended that the service

be made independent of both the Public Service Employment Act and the Public Service Staff Relations Act.

The subcommittee had been told by penitentiary officials that it is practically impossible to get rid of a prison employee because of the grievance and adjudication procedures and policies under the two acts.

But Mr. Blais maintained that the service has not used the Public Service Staff Relations Act procedures often enough to test them.

Subcommittee members had been told clearly by penitentiary officials that it was next to impossible to act against employees under the civil service legislation.

Mr. MacGuigan added that he believes all previous attempts to reform the federal prison system have failed.

Ottawa Citizen, April 6, 1978

CARRYING THE BALL:

STEWART TACKLES NEW JOB AS PRISON

INVESTIGATOR by Mark Van Dusen,

Citizen Staff writer

From the glamor of Canada's football fields to the stark sameness of its penitentiaries--that's where seven years have taken Ron Stewart.

As a star-halfback with the Ottawa Rough Riders for 13 years, "Stewy" bee-bopped like a pinball among men built like 100-point bumpers.

Now, as Canada's new correctional investigator, the 43-year-old lawyer is carrying the ball on behalf of another breed of tough guy up against an even tougher system.

He's playing the role of ombudsman for the 9,000 murderers, muggers and misfits who fill the country's 60 federal pens and the pigskin he clutches is a tough hide laced with compassion. It's a role he likens to that of a bomb defuser.

"When these places--the penitentiaries-- are running smoothly, it's not so bad. If something goes wrong, it's like a time bomb and you can bet the administration wants to clean it up as fast as they can to prevent any outbreak," he said.

The lessons he learned on the football field are serving him well. He knows better than anyone that every game cannot be a record-setting 287-yarder, that ground on the gridiron is often gained in bone-crushing inches.

In the realm of prison reform, headway is measured in years, decades, and he doesn't kid himself that "unacceptable" prison conditions are going to be changed overnight.

Nor does he kid himself about the limitations of his job. While his star status is "a good door opener," he must work within those conditions--overcrowding, lack of individual freedom, lack of quality training programs--in attempting to guarantee certain basic rights to which even convicts are entitled, to ensure that prison policy is applied fairly.

WIDE RANGE OF COMPLAINTS

"I deal with things that are causing problems that really don't have to be. They range from complaints about the food to segregation and to the person inside they are very real complaints. You have to imagine yourself locked in a room for a number of years," he said.

"These complaints will always be there, at least until we have some sort of total reform--and that's up to the politicians."

Stewart, who had been a sports consultant with the department of health and welfare since 1971 when he retired from pro football, was appointed by the solicitor-general to succeed Inger Hansen as Canada's correctional investigator in November.

A tour of most of the federal penitentiaries in his first six months in the position convinced him that "they are not very nice places. There are no country club settings, you just have to go through the gates to see that."

He is empowered to investigate and negotiate solutions to these complaints under 14 categories with the help of his three staff members.

"You can't be wishy-washy, you have to say what the score is," he said. "There's no sense in saying you can help if it's outside your mandate. You just have to say 'sarry'."

All inmate mail to him is privileged and cannot be opened by prison officials.

He has been the first hope of prisoners facing a beating from a bully guard or cellmate, of those who risk their own safety in refusing to turn a deaf ear to rumored violence. He has been the last resort for those who have not found satisfaction in normal grievance procedures.

His intervention on behalf of individuals or inmate committees has resulted in prisoners being transferred for their own safety or to be closer to home or in improved amenities for a prison population generally.

"If I can resolve things so that both sides feel good about it, it's good for the whole system," he said.

He denies that hostage-takings, riots and demonstrations mean inmates are running the prisons. "It's hard to control masses of men who are desperate to change things. These are isolated incidents."

"The implementation of recommendations in the House justice committee report on prison reform will go a long way toward eliminating such incidents," he said.

"The fact that we have a correctional investigator is a sign that we're going in the right direction."

SUPREME COURT OF ONTARIO RULING

The Supreme Court of Ontario has recently made a ruling in the case of a federal inmate which affects many inmates. The ruling changes those sections of the Criminal Code and the Penitentiary Act which refer to inmates sentenced of escape or being unlawfully at large before 14 October, 1977. In essence the ruling does away with the mandatory forfeiture of 3/4 statutory remission in these cases. The new method used for arriving at a mandatory date is as follows: An inmate convicted of escape or U.A.L. will serve the sentence for escape plus the remainder of the original sentence, commencing on the date the escape sentence was imposed. The remainder is determined by subtracting the days served prior to conviction for escape from the original sentence and then subtracting the remission earned prior to sentencing. There is no forfeiture on the original sentence and the inmate will receive full remission on the new sentence. This does not apply to those convicted after the 15th of October, 1977, or those who have forfeited or revoked a day or full parole since escaping. --Markworth Outlook.

Yesterday's Con by D. O'D

I had a chance to look through some old Telescopes, a monthly mag that was printed by the cons in Kingston Pen.

It was twenty years ago this Oct. that I first walked in the North gate of Kingston Pen, my first bit.

In reading the mag the names of many old friends appeared on both the floor-Hockey and Baseball teams. It made me stop to think what happened to many of the guys. I look around Joyceville and I see a few of the cons whose names appear, but the majority are gone. Many are dead prematurely, ODs, shot or were dispatched by the hand of a friendly con. One thing I doubt is that many were ever rehabilitated; some are cab drivers or pushing beer in some local pub. There are also some as guests in our Eastern and Western pens doing their thing.

One bit of humor came back to me when reading some of the articles. I remember one night the whole block broke out in laughter. A con by the moniker of Harry the Horse, his nickname being hung on him for his over size in the plumbing department, and his unusual attachment for female horses. Poor Harry had the misfortune of being caught in a compromising position when serving a sentence in Guelph reformatory and the nick name had stuck with him since. On this particular night the silent bell had rung and all was dead quiet on the block, when a fellow con, big Ed G. was reading the sport page and following the race results as usual.

Ed yelled, "Hey, Harry!"

"Ya!" came back the reply.

Ed chuckled out loud. "I see your old lady ran third at Pimico!"

The whole block broke up with laughter and it continued until the coppers came running and ordered everyone to silence.

I did see old Ed not long ago and he was fine. Perhaps old Harry is out to pasture also. A little wise crack brought out some humor for a few minutes, but is still remembered twenty years later.



"This is our maximum security block."

--Release, South Australia

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A MEMBER OF THE
LIFESERVERS

Serving a life sentence is one thing, but having a group to attend where all men are equal is something else.

It gives one the opportunity to identify the crisis we all face, and it comes down to from here to eternity. When a man in the same boat is looking for help he has the comfort of knowing that there are others around for support advice; someone to listen, because when he talks he knows the ears are open. Mainly because the other guy is in the same position, and has to listen in order to avoid the same pitfall himself.

I have been a member of the joyceville lifeservers for a few weeks, not from lack of interest in the position that i hold, but i felt it was time i got involved, so i started to attend and am really happy that i did, because of the feel that i belong. There are a lot of guys there with the same interest, mainly the ideals of recognition for long timers, the chance to help not only those around us but the guys in general, and the community in two ways:(1) By assisting in projects,(2) By making the community aware of our plight and the desire we have in proving we are OK and interested not only in making ourselves better people, but making others richer in all ways from having the experience of sharing with us.

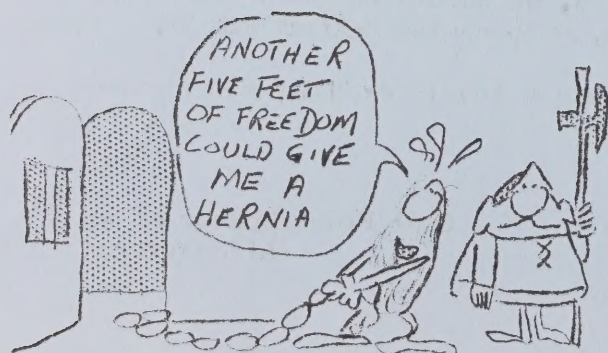
I truly enjoy the group and plan on doing all i can to see that some of our hopes and aspirations come true. With the participation of all lifers, involvement of the citizens and the co-operation of the administration, hopefully things can and will be done to the benefit of all concerned. This is probably one of the most positive groups within prison walls and something should be done to ensure the existence of this group is kept alive, and the program kept alive and listened to, so that men with so little hope, have the chance to get back into society better people than when they came in.

We are not all bad, especially under the illusions that society has of us. We are people, not animals; we should be given the help we need to open doors to a better world, by becoming better people.

Thank you for reading this. Now get involved: Help a man become a better person!

Paul Frank/Member of
Lifeservers

The adventures of Spook.



By S. J. 78

DR. DOUG MONTGOMERY ON HYPNOSIS
(QUESTIONS HANDED IN BY POPULATION THROUGH COMMITTEE)

" Psychological Safari "

1. How do you know that a subject is really under hypnosis and is not putting on an act?

There are some easily-observable physical signs which usually accompany hypnosis. If one, or more, of these signs occur it is a strong indication that the subject is in hypnosis. If none of the signs occurs it cannot be taken as a sure indication that a trance state has not been achieved, but it makes it more doubtful. Occasionally borderline cases arise when the hypnotist cannot be sure whether the subject is, or is not, in hypnosis, just as there are times when one cannot be sure whether a person lying with his eyes closed is asleep or awake. The questioner will understand that, if the indicators of being in hypnosis were made public, it would be a lot easier for anyone who so wished to fake hypnosis.

Hypnosis, by its nature, makes it easy to apply tests which demand a response which could only be given by a person in hypnosis. For instance, if anesthesia is applied to the subject's hand, his skin can be pinched or twisted in a way that would normally cause an acute twitching of the face. It is only under true hypnotic anesthesia that the face will not twitch.

Sometimes the results of hypnosis are so dramatic that the subject's response would be altogether out of character if he was play-acting. For example, if he is convinced that he has re-lived a situation that he has always thought of with a troubled perplexity, and is now aware of some new detail that gives the situation a different and comforting significance, or if he becomes convinced that he was not to blame for a disaster for which he had always felt guilty, he will display a relief which only a real hypnotic experience could have produced. Generally, after having seen how a number of subjects have reacted in a particular kind of hypnotic situation, the hypnotist becomes able to discriminate between what is typical behavior for that situation and what is not.

Usually what matters is, - can the subject accomplish what he had hoped hypnosis would enable him to do? If he decides to throw this opportunity away, by playing games, he will be the main loser. If the job gets done, why worry about some minor deception or uncertainty which had no effect on the results? Putting on an act can end up in the real thing. There are many situations in life where we have to act in the midst of some uncertainty, and hypnosis is sometimes one of them.

2. What can hypnosis actually handle in terms of personality disorders of personal habits?

I am not sure whether the questioner limits his inquiry because he believes personality disorders and personal habits are the only things hypnosis can handle, or simply because he does not want to know about anything else. It may be of interest to some readers to know that hypnosis has much wider uses than the question implies. One of the most important is the relief of pain. Major surgical operations, including childbirth by caesarean section, have been performed using hypnosis as the only anaesthetic. When hypnosis is used in this way it is usually because, for some medical reason, other anaesthetics are too risky. Hypnosis can stop the flow of blood from a wound, or speed the healing of a wound after an operation or injury. Most psychosomatic illnesses can be reduced or cured by hypnosis. This includes stomach and intestinal troubles, asthma, migraine and other headaches, and warts. The danger of cardiac problems can be reduced by employing hypnosis to lessen the strains imposed on the heart. In all these situations the hypnotist would ask the patient to consult a medical doctor before he used hypnosis.

There are very few treatments, hypnotic or otherwise, which can guarantee that if the treatment is given the cure will follow. The success of hypnosis depends, among other things, on how much the patient wants to be cured. Doctors are making the discovery that a surprising number of patients really want to keep what appear to be painful, dangerous, or very inconvenient illnesses. The painful consequences of the illness are more than compensated for by its crutch or excuse value. Such disorders, as well as personality disorders and personal habits which have a high value for the victim, will almost certainly be hypnotic "failures."

A few words about the methods of hypnosis may make other comments more meaningful. Sometimes a habit or disorder is attacked directly. The smoker, say, is given suggestions that connect his smoking with very unpleasant experiences, or that help him to anticipate dramatically the joys of much better health, which will be his to keep, when he has beaten the smoking. Frequently, as well as treating the disorder or habit directly, hypnosis is used to discover and treat the underlying cause. A person does not usually over-eat because of some accident of birth, but, more likely, because this activity gives relief from some anxiety. Through hypnosis he can usually be helped to understand the cause of his anxiety and reduce or eliminate it. The need to over-eat, or whatever, will be weakened to the point where he can control it, or perhaps ended altogether.

Different hypnotists report different rates of success, on the whole comparable to the success rates claimed for other therapies. However, it should be remembered that hypnosis is usually quicker, less expensive, and more satisfying than other therapies, that it has no

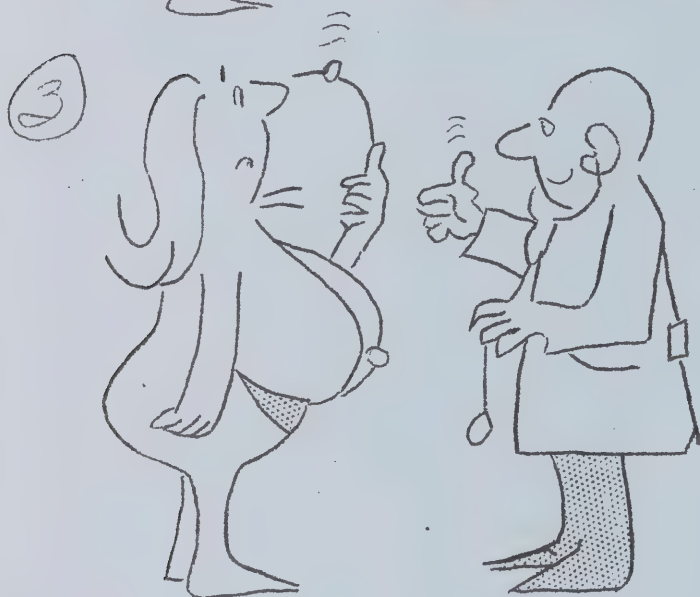
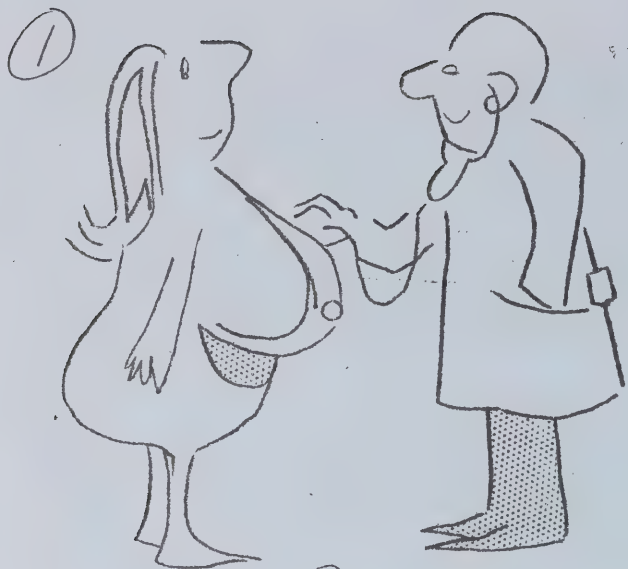
side effects, and that it can often attack the real cause rather than just dispose of symptoms. Another point that should be kept in mind is that many of these patients are referred to the hypnotist by medical doctors after more common methods of treatment have failed.

The simplest and most direct way of answering the question is to quote the titles, occasionally shortened, of some of the reports appearing over the last few years in The American Journal of Clinical Hypnosis:

- Influence of psychological factors on warts.
- Hypnosis, suggestions, and warts.
- The use of hypnosis and biofeedback in essential hypertension.
- Color blindness, perceptual interference, and hypnosis.
- Brief hypnotherapy of two sexual dysfunctions.
- Hypnosis with an alleged blackout.
- Hypnotic control of blushing.
- Control of physiological functions by hypnosis.
- Weight loss through hypnosis.
- Relaxation and hypnosis in the treatment of insomnia.
- Hypnotic induction of hypothermia: An additional approach to postoperative control of cancer recurrence.
- Hypnotherapy with a severe dissociative hysterical disorder.
- Hypnosis in plastic surgery.
- Desensitization of an injection phobia utilizing hypnosis.
- Guilt clarification via age regression.
- Hypnotherapy of impotence.
- Hypnotherapy for frigidity using exploration of early life attitudes.
- Hypnotherapy with schizophrenic and borderline patients.
- The effects of automated hypnosis and hand warming on migraine.
- Hypnosis in a dental patient with allergies.
- Hypnosis to reduce smoking in a deaf patient.

And it could go on, and on, and on.

(ANY QUESTIONS YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE ANSWERED IN THESE PAGES ON PSYCHOLOGY OR ANY BRANCH OF SOCIAL SCIENCES, PLEASE HAND IN THROUGH A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE AND THEY WILL BE PASSED ON TO DR. MONTGOMERY. HE HAS ALSO VOLUNTEERED TO DO QUESTION REFERRALS IF THE QUESTIONS ASKED DO NOT HAPPEN TO FALL WITHIN HIS PARTICULAR FIELD OF SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY, Etc.)



Wm
E. J. 78

BRUCE ON BRIDGE by Fred Bruce (Assessing the Hand you are Dealt)

The social card game of bridge is rather difficult to present in such a short article, but we shall attempt to give you a basic bidding system which will enable you to begin to learn to play the game.

Deal the deck of 52 cards to the four players, 13 to each, dealt one at a time, clockwise around the table. Count your hand and be sure that you do have 13 cards. Sort the hand according to suit, alternating the black and the red suits; then sort each suit according to rank, with the (A) Ace highest, the (K) King next; the (Q) Queen next; the (J) next; then the ten down to the deuce(2). To evaluate the hand, assign four points to each (A); three points to each (K); two points to each (Q); and one point to each (J). Now total these high card points together and add to them three points for any Void Suit (A suit in which you have no cards; two points for each Singleton suit (a suit in which you hold only one card); and then add one point for each Doubleton suit (a suit in which you hold only two cards). Each card in a suit of six or more cards is worth an additional one point per card, beginning with the sixth card. The total of all these points is used to determine the bid you will give on your first opportunity to bid.

When it is your turn to bid (the dealer bids first, then each player in turn clockwise around the table either bids or passes), you will bid your five-card, or longer suit, prefixed by a level figure, such as "1 club," "1 diamond," "1 heart," "1 spade," or "1 no trump." (This is the ranking of the suits, from the lowest ranking-Clubs, to the highest ranking-No Trump). You must always bid a higher ranking suit than the previous bid, when bidding on the same level, such as the "one" level. If you must bid an inferior suit, then it is necessary to go to the next higher level, such as the "two" level: i.e. "1 heart"—"2 clubs."

A total hand value of 13 points is necessary to open the bidding, in most instances; and a total hand value of 6 to 8 points is necessary to answer your partners opening bid. If you have a total hand value of 16 to 18 high card points, then you should open with "1 no trump," but you also need a hand which has no 5-card suit, no void suit, and no singleton suit to bid the "1 no trump" bid.

PINOCHLE by Bruce

Pinochle is a card game played by two, three or four players. The best game is with four players, using a double deck of pinochle cards.

A double deck of pinochle cards consists of 80 cards. There are 16 Aces, 16 Kings, 16 Queens, 16 Jacks and 16 Tens. (There are also 16 Nines, but nines are not usually used in Double-deck pinochle).

The 80 cards are shuffled together, cut and dealt. The cards are dealt four at a time, to each player, clockwise around the table, beginning with the player on the dealer's left hand side. Each of the four hands should contain twenty cards.

The twenty cards should be sorted by suit, in the following order of ranking: A, 10, K, Q, J. Keep all A's in one suit (there are four in the deck, remember!) should be kept together in the suit; then all the tens; then all the kings; then all the queens; and, finally, all the jacks, which is the lowest ranked card in each suit.

There are four A's, K's, Q's, J's, and 10's of each suit in a double-deck pinochle game; or, twenty cards of each suit in the 80card deck. Therefore, one must always keep in mind during the game that there are twenty trump cards, not thirteen, as is the case with a regular deck of cards. Thus, when the twenty cards of a suit are evenly distributed throughout the four hands, all four aces and one ten lead will succeed in winning tricks.

As in bridge, Pinochle is a two-sectional game. It consists of a bidding/melding section, and a playing section.

During the playing of the cards, the player to the left of the player winning the bid will lead to the first trick. Each player (clockwise around the table), in turn, will play a card of the suit led, of a higher rank than any previously played to the trick. If no cards are held by any player, in the lead suit, then that player must play a trump-suit card. Either follow suit or trump! If a succeeding player must also play a trump, then that trump card must be of a higher rank, if possible; but a trump card must be played if there are any trump cards in the hand. Not to follow suit, higher, nor trump, higher, is a renege !!

GAMES

Any player may call a renege against any opponent, at any time, prior to gathering the cards together for the next deal. A proven renege will result in a "set bid." If the renege cannot be proven, the challenged team that does not have the bid loses 50 points on a successfully-proven renege against them.

After the twenty tricks have all been played and the cards are ready to count, each team will count one point for each Ace, each Ten, and each King won during the play of the hand; plus two points extra to the team winning the last trick.

16 points for Aces
 16 points for Tens
 16 points for Kings
2 points for the Last Trick
 50 points possible in each hand

The team winning the bid and naming the trump suit must win a minimum of twenty of these playing points, or they "go set." To "go set" means that they lose the entire amount they bid, for failing to win the hand. It is important to have a good playing hand as well as a good melding hand. Remember that during the play of the hand, the Ace is ranked highest, the Ten is ranked next highest, then the King, Queen, and Jack, with the Jack being ranked as the lowest card.

The bidding/melding section of the game is very important! For instance, to open the bidding a player must bid a minimum of "50." Each player, beginning with the player on the left hand side of the dealer, and clockwise, in turn, around the table, will bid at least one point higher than any previous bid, or pass. Once a player passes, that player is out of any future bidding. The bidding is over when the third player passes; and the last bid is the contract for the bid-winning team. The last bidder names the trump suit immediately after he has won the bidding--with no assistance from his partner. If his partner says anything, or indicates in any way the suit he prefers, prior to naming of the trump suit, the hand is dead and must be re-dealt. No penalty.

With only 50 points possible to be won during the play of the hand, and the opening bid having to be at least "50," it is evident that each team must hold all the meld points possible, in order to make even a minimal 50 bid hand! It is wise to learn each type of meld possible, and its value. When counting meld potential in a hand, do not count trump values while your partner is still in the bidding. Once your partner drops out of the bidding, if he does, then re-evaluate your hand, counting trump values, because if you do win the bidding for your team you will have to name the trump suit, without help from your partner.

Meld Values:(Tens have no Meld Value by themselves)

<u>Points</u>		<u>Points Points</u>	
10	One Ace in each suit	Two Aces in each suit= 100	250 for 3
8	One King in each suit	Two Kings in each suit=80	200 for 3
6	One Queen in each suit	Two Queens in each suit=60	150 for 3
4	One Jack in each suit	Two Jacks in each suit =40	100 for 3

Points

Points

2 One marriage K & Q in suit Two marriages in same suit = 4
 4 Marriage in Trump suit Two marriages in Trump = 8
 4 One Pinochle J & Q ; Two Pinochles = 30; Three pinochles = 90
GAME = Four Pinochles (Hand does not play--lay hand down for win).
 15 = Run(A,10,K,Q,J Trump); Two Runs=150; Three runs = Game
 A Trump 3-run hand should be played for game at 150 points.

Bidding from 50 to 70 is usually in raises of one, two, etc. All bids higher than 70 are by fives, 75, 80, etc.

After the bid is won and trump names, meld is laid on the table and added up for each team. Each team must meld a combined total of 20 to "Get On Board." The total meld is written on the score pad, for each team:

They	Bid	We
	← 85	
64	♣	26
37	(1)	—
<hr/>		
	(2)	
101		
⊖	105 →	98
⊖	♥	37
<hr/>		
	(3)	
101		135
48	58 →	30
32	♠	— 58
<hr/>		
	(4)	
181		77

This score pad sheet shows that player (1) is the dealer of the first hand, which THEY bid in at 85 points, naming Clubs as the Trump suit. THEY melded 64; and WE melded 26. THEY won 37 points in the play of the first hand; and WE did not win 20, so WE lose our meld points, for a total of 0; and THEY add their 64 meld to their trick points, 37 = 101 points.

The second hand was bid to 105 by the WE team, who melded 98, while THEY melded less than 20; so THEY get no meld score. WE won 37 of the 50 playing points and THEY did not win 20 points during the play. THEY still have a total of 101, but WE now have 135 points. (2) indicates that player (2) dealt the hand.

Player (3) dealt the next hand which was bid in at 58 by a WE player. WE melded only 30, while the THEY team melded 48 points. The WE team was set on this bid, because the THEY team won 32 of the 50 playing points and the WE team did not win the required 20 points. THEY now have a total score of 181, while WE lost the amount of the bid(58) for going set, and have a total score of only 77.

If you are interested in learning to play Pinochle, or join our Pinochle Club, please leave your name & location with the Advance Office, or with the Recreation or Hobbycraft Office. We would also like to get enough people interested in a Beginner's and Intermediate Bridge Player's Class.

LANGUAGES



CHINESE

(Shing)
felicitous
fortunate

(Gway)
lucky
luckily

RUSSIAN

любовь

(loobov): to love

девушка

(devochka): Girl



ARABIC

(nahrun): a river

(reads from right to left)

(malikun): a king

(allahu): God



GERMAN

verhaften: to arrest

spazieren gehen: to go for a walk

Wie befinden sie sich?: How are you?

(pronounce: vee beefinden see seek)

SUMERIAN

ANZAKAR: pillar

SAHAR: dust, dirt

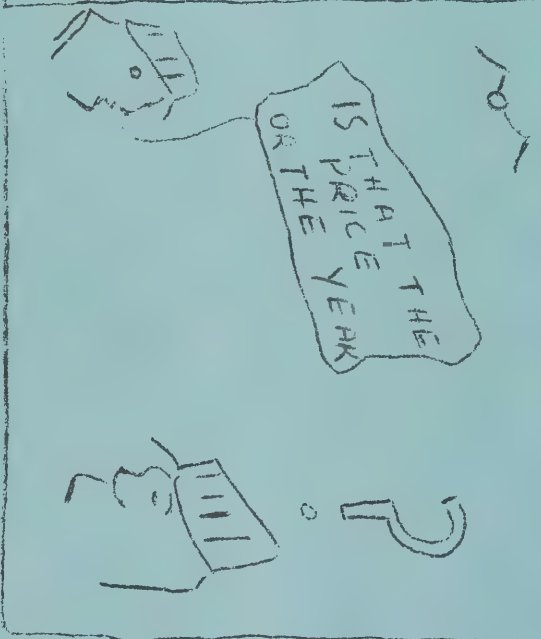
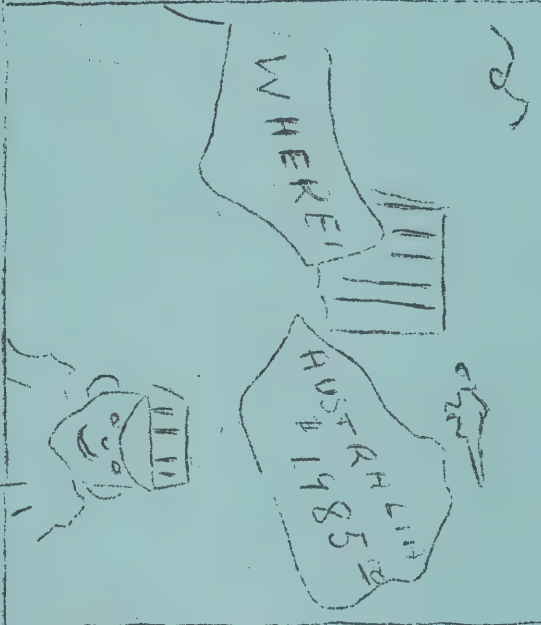
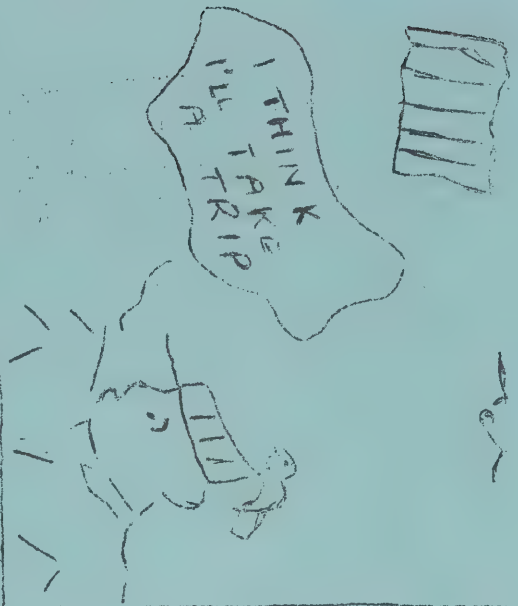
ABU: father

ALU: bull of
heaven

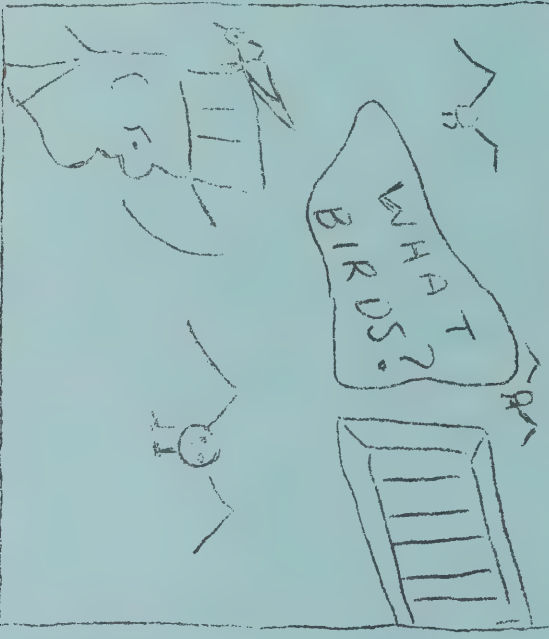
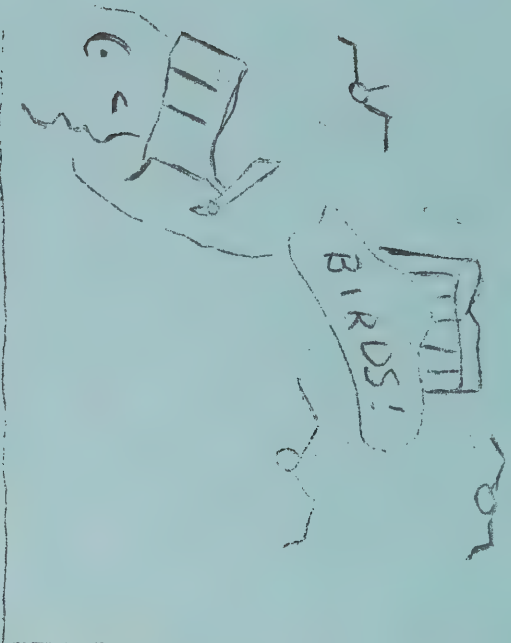
HITTITE

alpas: cloud
ammuk: egoharranzi: break,
pulverize

haratar: imprisonment



"ON THE CON" BY CAPTAIN MEEGROON



I BELIEVE by Daniel Pineault

I've never seen a flamingo,
 Gliding in an African dawn.
 I've never seen an albatross wing,
 Glisten like gold in the sun.
 I've never seen my heart's love
 But oh I believe...

Jesus, won't life be grand there!
 Jesus, oh what things we'll share!
 The things I would I cannot do--
 I find myself hurting you,
 But Lord Jesus...I believe,
 Please help me.

I've never had my cheeks kissed,
 By the little girl whose picture I have.
 She's an orphan in Andhra Pradesh,
 She's the warmest blessing I have.
 She's got the prettiest little name,
 Dasi Mariamma...

Jesus, won't life be grand there!
 Jesus, oh what things we'll share!
 The things I would I cannot do,
 I find myself hurting you,
 But Lord Jesus...I believe,
 Please help me.

Jesus is the True Light,
 Bursting through saddened colored clouds.
 He's the Wisdom and the Way,
 Still I can't understand how,
 He loves us, even me,
 Oh I want to know about love...

Jesus, won't life be grand there!
 Jesus, oh what things we'll share!
 The things I would I cannot do,
 I find myself hurting you,
 But Lord Jesus...I believe,
 Please help me.

believe that birds enjoy good lives...even though they are constantly watching from whence death may come.

Now the question arises, are you watching and keeping guard and preparing yourself against death? If you are then you realize that there is a sanctuary that we can go to escape death and the fear of death. His name is Jesus Christ and His story is about love and victory over death. Yes, victory over death has been won, but that doesn't mean we should stop watching for it, for we have but little time to reap eternal heavenly rewards, through the good use of our time down here watching and preparing. Watch by drawing near to God, and as you watch do good things with your life, that in the world to come you may be a symbol of these same good things, and not a symbol of shame and dishonor.

THE WISDOM OF BIRDS
by Daniel Pineault

Have you ever pondered the wisdom of our little feathered friends, they always seem to be concerned about something sneaking or creeping up on them, they constantly twist and turn, and bob their heads up and down, as they attentively keep watch. They sure do appreciate death

On the other hand have you ever considered the foolishness of man, though he exalts himself above every other creature, and though some men even exalt themselves above others, one thing is common to all, one thing equalizes all, one thing humbles all. Having been mesmerized by foolish vanity, we far too often forget that we are dust, from dust we come and to dust we shall return.

Now some may reason that if we kept guard and watched for death as much as birds do, we wouldn't have time to be able to enjoy life. Well, if this is true then why do we use the eagle to symbolize freedom and strength, the swan for grace and calmness, the dove for peace and gentleness, the peacock for beauty, the robin and bluebird for song and merriment, a mother hen and her chicks for love and attachment, the vulture for patience, the owl for wisdom, the partridge for bravery when she pretends to break her wing to protect her young, and I suppose that at one time or another, someone or other, has used a particular bird to represent every good quality that man has or admires. So if we have used birds to symbolize or represent our desirable attributes, I guess deep down we all

Jesus Christ in His ministry upon earth used many example in nature to illustrate many truths, so I guess there are lots of things to learn from nature. Incidentally, there did live once upon a time a foolish little bird, who never feared and certainly never watched out for death. When early explorers encountered these little birds they began to indiscriminately slaughter them, since they appeared to be fearless and did not bother to escape when approached. Today, as a result, this species of bird is totally extinct. Now Man has used the little bird who never watched for death to symbolize something too, although it's not an admirable quality. The little bird was called a dodo bird.

PRAYER FOR TRUE HAPPINESS IN LIFE by Keith Washington

Dear Lord, who has filled the world with beauty, please let me say "Thank you" over and over for thy love and thy blessings upon me.

Open my eyes to all the beauties of land and sea and sky- to the Wonders of nature- and to the loveliness of the dear people I know.

Open my heart to receive evermore of thy love, and my mind to The ways in which I can share it with others who need it so.

Keep me busy praying for thy help and guidance in every particular Of my life. And above all, dear father, keep me busy doing good in thy Name. This way I am sure to find more real true happiness in life.

Help me to face others when they are cross, quick tempered or impatient- And to think always of the "good" in them, no matter how upsetting they May be to me at times.

Strengthen me in my faith that thou art watching over me- to guide me, Protect me and keep me from harm- to prosper me and heal me- to lead Me always to think and do the right. O Lord, I know that loving thee With all my heart, with all my mind and all my soul will make everything "Work together for good" for me. And I thank thee, dear heavenly father In dear "Jah" god's name- Amen.

Poem sent by M.Louise Downey: NO PRAYER GOES UNHEARD by Ellen S. Rice

Often we pause and wonder
When we kneel down to pray
Can God really hear
The prayers that we say?
But if we keep praying
And talking to Him,
He'll brighten the soul
That was clouded and dim

And as we continue
Our burden seems lighter
Our sorrow is softened
And our outlook is brighter
For though we feel helpless
And alone when we start

Our prayer is the key
That opens the heart

And as our heart opens
And the dear Lord comes in
The prayer that we felt
We could never begin

It's so easy to say
For the Lord understands
And gives us new strength
With the touch of His hand.

ASHRAM YOGA POSES from Inside Out (Write for your free copy (to prison inmates only) to Hanuman Foundation, 276 Riverside Drive, N.Y. 10025)

Salute to the Sun (Surya Namaskar):

1. Stand with the feet together. Palms should be touching, held at the middle of the chest, fingers pointing upward. Exhale.

2. Lock the thumbs, raise the arms over the head, keeping the arms close to the ears. Bend backward, looking up at the hands. Inhale.

3. Keep the head between the arms, bend forward and place the palms on the floor on either side of the feet. Keep the knees straight. Try to bring the head to the knees. Exhale.

4. Stretch the left leg back, bring the left knee to the floor. Keep the right foot between the hands, with the right knee touching the chest. Look up. Inhale.

5. Throw the right leg back to meet the left foot. Raise the buttocks so that the body forms a triangle, with the head between the arms and the heels touching the floor. Look toward the feet. Exhale.

6. Bring the knees, chest and chin to the floor, in that order. The pelvis should be slightly raised. The palms are beneath the shoulders. Inhale--hold.

7. Bring the pelvis to the floor, stretch up the head, neck and chest and look up at the ceiling. Keep the elbows alongside the body, slightly bent. Hold.

8. Push up and in one movement, bring the head between the arms, and raise the body into a triangle with heels touching the floor. Exhale.

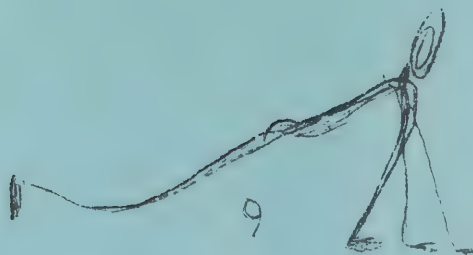
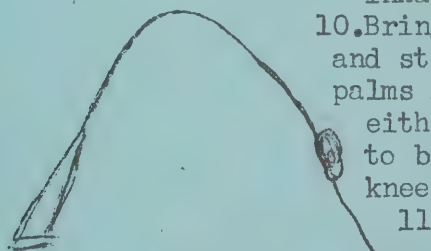
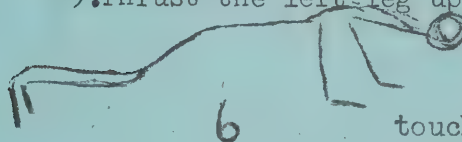
9. Thrust the left leg up between the hands, left knee touching the chest. The right leg is now stretched, right knee touching the floor. Look up. Inhale.

10. Bring the right leg forward and straighten the knees. Place palms flat on the floor on either side of the feet. Try to bring the head to the knees. Exhale (#4 position)

11. Keeping the arms close to the ears, stretch up and back, looking at the hands. Inhale. (#2 position).

12. Bring the arms down, palms together, to the middle of the chest. Stand straight. This completes one round. Exhale.

For the first month do 3 rounds each leg. Thereafter do 6 rounds each leg.

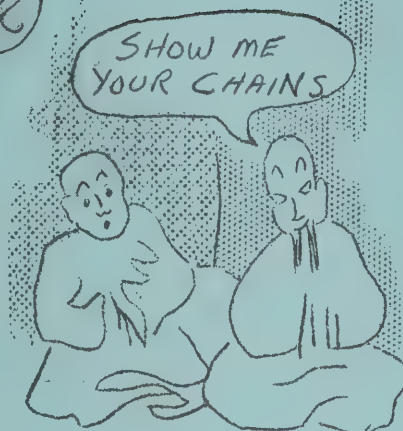


Zen Comics

①



②

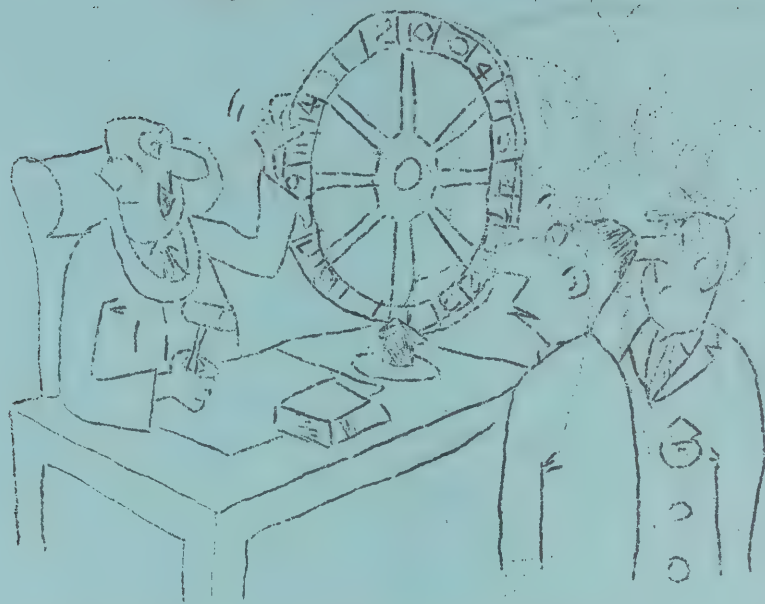


③



By:
Alan
78

WHEELS OF JUSTICE



"To be fair, I spin the wheel twice to give time to be served!"

PHYSICS

WHAT'S A LIGHT YEAR?

The distance light will travel in one year through space.

The speed of light: 186,324 miles per second.

The number of seconds in an hour: 3600 seconds.

The number of hours in one day: 24 hours

The number of days in one year: $365\frac{1}{4}$ days

One light year is therefore equal to:

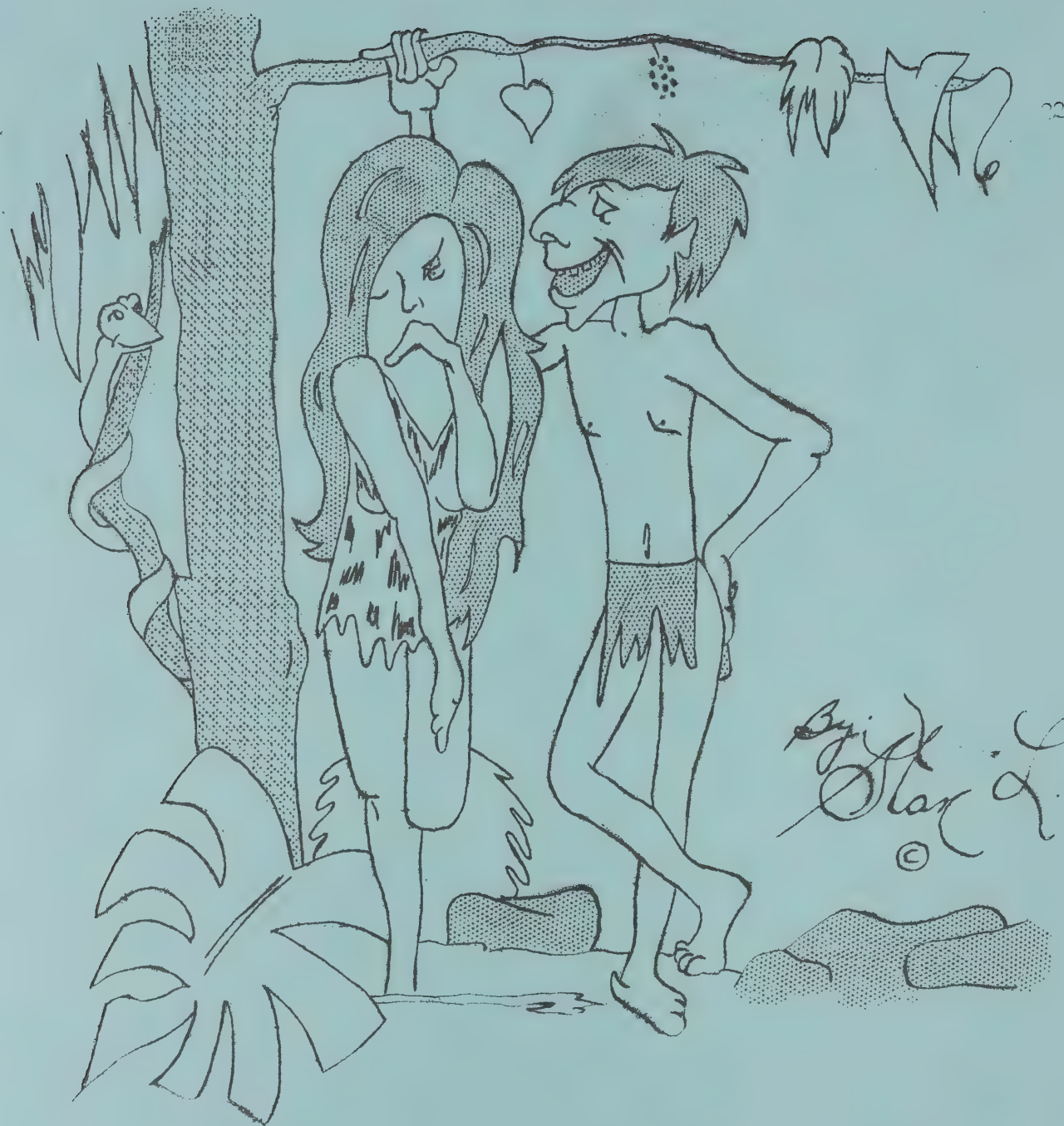
$$186,324 \times 3600 \times 24 \times 365\frac{1}{4} = 5.8799 \times 10^{12} \text{ miles}$$

or 5,879,900,000,000 miles

This is read 5 trillion, 879 billion, 900 million miles.

This is 63,225 times the distance to the Sun (93,000,000 miles). The nearest star other than our Sun is Sagittarius at 4.3 light years and Alpha Centauri at 4.33 light years.

Sirius is 7.8 light years away. It is the brightest and largest star in this cluster, 20 times brighter than our star, known by the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians. Shards leading into temples and tombs to channel its light were made.



1000

1000

THE SEASONS OF LOVE by Chris White

In the spring of our love, as we walked together,
I could smell the beautiful scent of lilacs.
And I thought of the perfume you wore when we met.
And I think of the softness of your body,
like the petals of a rose when we touch.

In the summer of our love,
I touch the lovely curves of your body,
as I rub oil over you, while we bathe in the sun.
And how I massage you with ointment,
where your tender skin has been burned.
And I love you.

In the fall of our love,
the leaves on the trees, have turned orange, and gold,
And are wonderfully bright,
and looking at you is a lovely sight.
But as the leaves must fall and die,
so did your love for me.

And now winter is here, with its snow and evergreens.
I am sitting in front of the fireplace,
and I think of our final kiss goodbye.
I think of how your lips were cool, and without feeling.
I now know I have lost you, and I am lonely.
But I shall always remember, the seasons of our love.

Don't worry about your friends,
for they can only turn against you.

Don't worry about your enemies,
for all they can do is kill you.

But be cautious of the people who remain silent,
for they are the ones who let the killings go on.

Fear not the police,
for they can only arrest you and beat you.

Fear not your main man,
for if you're a good money-maker he needs you.

But fear the courts, and the prisons,
for they will savagely tear your mind and soul apart,
without letting your body die and rest in peace.

--Chris White

April 1978

The great toad which had sat there all making
QUICK TALK TO THREE UGLY GIRLS crossed sullen about to blue
and smote the beam, Dent ADVACE PUTLEOU FROO teeet
• The in utmost pride swelling up to
demonic size, kissed one ugly on.ly BLUSHED AND CRIED OUT.

***** it is love real love o mate
and dear
 whos loolk keed mele
free me from darts and shame and thence to
flee this, and of our sweet FINAL prison
and for all our hiers an end to shame.....awl987

Chris White.....My mind is in a turmoil. I am surely confused. My emotions are mixed as my mind wanders. I think of one person I have loved throughout my life, and another that I have learned to love for the last few years.....I cannot play one against the other, but I know in my mind that if I don't then I must give one up. Who must it be? How must it be done? I know I will surely hurt someone by doing what must be done. If love is so grand, why do I feel this way? Why must I have to hurt someone I love. And where are the answers to be found? I must now face the consequences of falling in love. I must now hurt myself as well as the other person I hurt.....And what will my consequences be?

I am surely not a wise man for putting myself in this position. My mind wanders through the space of my past. So many good memories....Should I refuse to think of memories? For they only make my hurting body more conscious of the pain within my heart. I try not to think of them, but they are always there. When I lie my head to rest at night I do not sleep, for my mind constantly reminds me of the reality of the decision I must make....Dear lord if you are with me please help me in my decision. Give me the strength to do what I must do.

ODE TO THE ETERNAL SPRING.

Sweet spring at its very prime.
 Sweet days with music and rhyme;
 this is the month and the happy morn
 where once again our juvenile love gets born.

Feel and smell the sweetness and the blossom
 descending gently upon us through the air,
 so tempting — so innocent — so fair.
 — The wind composes a music so sweet
 which our hearts and ears do greet.

Leaning against a time - worn oak tree,
 to a green thought in the crimson morning light
 we've ceased to think and ceased to fight;
 we annihilate all that's made
 of cruelty, hate and destruction
 here under the oak tree in the shade.

For us exists no more yesterday,
 just living in this eternal spring
 we proclaim our love here in May
 with the chorus from birds that sing
 of freedom and glory for the liberated soul;
 so my love don't be sorry; we have a mutual goal.

Hence, love of mine please stay
 and feel the power of mighty love
 descending from the heaven above
 on this blissful celestial day.

Joyceville, April 4,
 1978.

By Bjarne Herhold

Joyceville
 Feb. 19, 1978

FLAME AND ASHES.

With a snatch
 I took a match
 stroked it on the
 cover
 and in the flame
 I saw my
 lover.

In the ashtray
 is now a match
 like love
 along the way
 burned down,
 never again
 to catch.

By Bjarne Herhold.

C O S M I C L O V E.

Kingston, Nov.

Through thousands of miles in the air
 our spirits do meet somewhere,
caressing each other so tender
in the entire space they surrender.

Inexplicably to one and all
 except for the two of us
 our souls are playing ball
against a blue divined wall.

No one did ever see
 the invisible rope
 between you and me.
Neither did they understand
that between a woman and a man
a cosmic love existed -----
that's the point —and they missed it.

But for thousands of miles
 and thousands of years
 still a lot of smiles
 and a lot of tears,
till the day we both surrender
into the cosmic love 'n tender.

By Bjarne Herhold.

St. Vincent de Paul
Oct. 29, 1977

Like animals behind bars in a Zoo
all of the day and all of the night
sickly green walls were all in sight,
breathing the ill-smelling air was all to do.

They guarded us with increasingly control
and took away our canteen stuff;
our failure for them was the only goal,
but still we remained to be tough.

Dignified like a lion
and stubborn like a mule
we would not keep the weasel's rule;
strong we were as the bars of iron.

Be strong in soul and strong in mind,
maybe some day you gonna find
yourself locked up behind
like animals in the Zoo.

By Bjarne Herhold.

D R E A M S O F Y O U

Joyceville
March 11, 78

When I saw you in my dreams,
not only love - but the essence of love
hollowed out loudly my suffering screams
— carried away in the beak of a dove.

Carried far — far away over oceans
in the beak of a dove
my purest divined emotions
to you my dear — with love.

By Bjarne Herhold

I L L U S I O N

Laval, Octobre 77

With a delicious yawn
 I wake up
 and I see it's already dawn.

I dreamt of your body
 so close to mine;
 out of my eyes I study
 and sure I don't feel fine.

Back to reality I scrutinize
 those long gray scares,
 and now I realize:
 I'm behind cell bars.

A U R O R A

Joyceville Feb. 78

The sun beams enlighten my room
 and make an aura
 which eliminates the gloom
 for the benefit of my well-being.

Like your words sweeping in
 upon my fatigue soul
 sitting here in the Pen
 thinking of you as my goal.

On a cloudy day
 with rain in heavy streams;
 and feeling astray
 your words are like the beams
 that illuminated my tiny room
 and took away the gloom.

By Bjarne Herholdt

IF.....from Bob Rushton

If only I could have one more chance.
 If only I hadn't lost this one.
 If only I had seen the light,
 If only I could just have won.

If only I had done as well.
 If only I had known before.
 If only I could begin again,
 If only I had just a little more.

If only I could find the answers.
 If only I could anticipate the trends.
 If only I could change these things,
 If only I could make amends.

If only I could just believe.
 And be content knowing that I've tried.
 And live my life with confidence,
 If only I was satisfied.....

HOOKED by Chris White

I have passed through it all,
 and what a trip.
 Being called a freak,
 a castaway of society.
 As I go through life
 and visualize the scenes I've been in
 It makes me sick.
 The dirty dingy one room speed freak
 snooting galleries.
 Staying up days,
 to peddle my dope,
 just to feed my habit.
 Conspiring, running,
 looking back at what is left behind me.
 Empty nickel and dime bags,
 The blood-filled, uncleaned fits.
 Didn't have time to stop and clean them--
 had to run. Run from who though?
 The pigs, or my associates and friends.
 I had to get away.
 So I took the cure,
 and now I'm pure.
 I've kicked the habit for 9 months now.
 I look back at it now, and realize how stupid
 I must have been.
 Then I run into an old friend, and the
 urge is still there. So here I go again.
 I'm hooked.

THE WORLD I USED TO KNOW
 by Larry Wasiloff

Someday some old familiar rain
 Will come along and know my name
 And then my shelter will be gone
 And I'll have to move along.
 But till I do, I'll stay awhile
 And track the hidden country
 Of your smile.

Someday the man I used to be
 Will come along and call on me
 And then because I'm just a man
 You'll find my feet are made
 Of sand.
 But till that time I'll tell
 You lies,
 And chart the hidden boundaries
 Of your eyes.

Someday the world I used to know
 Will come along and bid me go.
 Then I'll be leaving you behind,
 For love is just a state of mind.
 But till that day I'll be your man
 And love away your troubles
 If I can.

Name sir, speak up

no answer, the people that live here

sir called us a broken window, missing food

yes,

no to whom, we'll have to take HYM

DOWNTOWN, SOON, IS THERE A smell seargent

nomadam. Of course no

a little croocoed

The century is somewhat, her hair is red

how sad the noodles no.

he's in the cell over there,

he is reading a biography of Karl marx

and comics of space men, must be F REVOLUTIONARY

of what sort, Hienze, or spoonfuls gradatition

sir he is requesting Kleenex and endless peace

no sir. aw 3189

COMENTRY AW

Well now way back when it was all new

they put a few to bed on the caves in the
south of france

dam good scribbles too, no camera baby,

A couple of thousand years later.

they asked the artits to change pace and esign

little circles with qeens and romans and called it money honey
so caves wn out money became popular.

At pimlico or even across the old chess table the jingle can be heard
everywhere. o well no one wanted caves style forever. coment

Just to let you that way out there. our frien chuck is writing for eltie
perhaps someone would like to wite him on progress.

coment last night the straights from the Royal miliary college
played the pies. and some girls from the queens

sang a balad or two. It was non section volunteers mixing here at
the ville

other goibgs or in lude fiece interst in sports, and the influx of
more and mntre pele arrinv from our society which mor turbulent then
mere bagatel of broken dreams. aw 3186 April 19

SOCIETY'S CHILD

Within these walls of steel and stone
 With all the hate, fear and frustration
 Shines a radiant light of warmth and understanding
 For we do need one another
 To fight the depression of the condemned man
 Of a man condemned
 Not necessarily for the crime he has committed
 But for the crimes of society
 We are chosen at birth by fate
 To withhold the weight of society's guilt
 One cannot turn around today
 Without reading or hearing of major crimes
 Committed by the very people
 Who lock us away and bind us in chains
 Though never to bring us down
 We are society's children
 I am society's child

by Mike Part
 February 3, 1978

A POEM FOR MARLENE

If you should see a tear in my eye
 Let me assure you it's not one of sorrow
 It's one of happiness and the joy of loving you
 I only wish I could love you more Marlene
 To feel the tenderness and warmth of your body
 The softness of your skin and firmness of your breast
 As I kiss the sweet lips of your womanhood
 I'd like to fulfill your needs as a lover
 Not only those of a person in love
 Or as a man behind bars that is in love
 What I'd give to wake up in the morning
 With your body cuddled next to my own
 As I have so many times before
 It is as if it's almost a dream
 So near yet so far away
 A dream of passion and unfulfillable desire
 Oh what it would be like
 To possess you as a lover once again
 Take me in my dreams for that is all I have
 Until I am free again.....

and able to take you in my arms

by Mike Part
 March 11, 1978

JUST FOR NOW.

I'm not in a position to let you know,
Just how very much I love you so.
For now you'll have to be content
With the poems and letters that I've sent.

Actions of the past speak very clean,
Just the memories are always rear.
Promises for the future, always seeming so distant —
Not quite so present, or continually insistent.

As much as I loved you, I'll love you more —
I'll heat you better than ever before!
The proof I have lies in my heart,
In such a place that it can't depart.

So please believe me when I say
Tomorrow will be better than yesterday.
My love will grow more evident and strong,
And soon we'll be together where we belong!

Until that time, I'll always be thinking of you —
Each hour of every day that I do.
I'll be writing just as often as I possible can,
Sending along my thoughts and love, again and again!

EVERYTHING BUT FREEDOM.

I remember it well — that momentous day;
The judge turned and looked my way,
And after a moment of thoughtful decisions —
Decided it best to send me to prison.

They're taking from me all the world that I know,
All those pleasures and possessions; but most of all
— you —

Replaced by walls and bars made of steel and stone
Leaving me very little of what I used to call my own

Society must have its due, so I'm paying the price;
I'll go along with their programs designed to cure
my vice,

With all their mandatory choices and rules galore —
They promise to make me much better than I was before
And through it all, I'll always keep in mind
That with all the changes they make

I'm still one of a kind,
With a freedom of thought, they can't take away.
And this freedom I think, will grow stronger each day.

By Gerald Genttner.

" " "
THE RIGHT SIDE OF RIGHT

I'm locked in my cell with nothing to do,
So I thought I'd write and give you a clue —
What I do at night when they turn out the light;
I'm not left-handed, so I use my right!

Don't think I'm vulgare, foul or obscene,
Just because my breath is strong, my words unclean.
Remember you told me "to keep on stroking",
I only hope you were not joking!

The guard is coming, so I guess I'd better
Hurry up and finish this letter.
Besides, my stroking's almost done — I think
My bloody pen is almost out of ink.

If you were thinking different, it's no surprise to me —
For things aren't always what they seem to be.
Next time your light is not so bright,
Remember — it's not what's left, but what's "right" !

JUST THE WAY YOU ARE .

If I had the chance to be someone—I'm not
Or have something, I haven't already got,
I don't know exactly what I'd choose
— There's so many chances that I could use !

If I could change my lifetime in a minute or two
That's exactly what I'd like to do.
There's so very few moments that I hold dear,
I'd gladly wipe my whole life clear.

If I could change my actions back to the day one
Consider it no sooner said than done.
I'd make all these changes except for one,
For of improvement on this, I know of none.

I'd keep you hon, just the way you are
Amongst life's treasures, you're the best by far.
I wouldn't change you in the smallest way,
'Cause as far as I'm concerned, you're A - okay !

By Gerald Genttner.

I WILL NOT DIE

Anon

I SAID NO as a child. I STILL SAY
 NO NOW Louder AND MORE
 VEHEMENTLY no No NO
 I AM NOT CAMEL BACK FLEECE
 Goddam no No NO
 I REJECT CHAINS WALLS AND
 MASKS. I SMASH THEM
 I DON'T ACCEPT THEM. I WILL
 NOT DIE
 I WILL NOT DIE
 I WILL NOT DIE Because I
 AM ALL FEELING AND PAINFUL.
 I live in feeling
 I SMASH THAT PAIN AND LIVE
 And LOVE, And FEEL MORE
 And MORE
 I LIVE NOT TO DIE for FEELING
 But TO DIE WITH FEELING
 DIE WITH MY FEELINGS ON
 "YEAH"

They can kill me but they
 Can't make me die.
 THEIR INSANE ABSURD WHIRL CAN'T
 KILL ME.
 No Matter What Happens
 OR HOW IT DOES
 Can't kill me because I
 CHOOSE
 I CHOOSE TO LIVE BLOOD 'in
 THUNDER RAGING FIRES BLAZING
 I CHOOSE I AM NO PUPPET
 ON THE STRING OF SOME
 MEANINGLESS DESTINY MADE
 FOR ME TO DO ME AS IT
 DOES EVERYBODY Who Lets It
 I AIN'T NEVER GOING TO
 LET IT, BECAUSE I CHOOSE

My Daughter, My Wife by Ron Killeen

There are two beautiful girls in
 my life
 One's my daughter, the other's my wife
 I thank the good "Lord" up above
 For sending me these "Angels" of
 beauty and love.

You never seem to appreciate them until
 you're away
 Then you find in your letters there's
 so much to say
 I love you my darlings, ever so much
 If I could only hold you both, and
 gently touch

At nights I wake up alone and afraid
 But I carry on, for one day my crime
 will be paid
 No more to see prison, a hell hole of
 life
 Soon to be with my loved ones, my
 daughter, my wife

I know I have hurt them by leaving
 this way
 I ask for forgiveness, I pray every day
 They are "Angels" from heaven, and both
 dear to me
 I just know we'll be happy, the day
 I'm set free

LIBRARY NOTES

by C. Sheridan

I've been asked to write a column on Library activities, which seems to me to be a ridiculous idea since very little is going on in the Library, but since the Editor of the paper is much bigger than I, discretion seems to be the better part of valor, so here goes:

At the moment we have no new books and it will probably be a while before we get any. Budgetary problems I am told! Our Non-Fiction Section is not too bad. Biographies, Psychology, Philosophy, etc. are in fair supply, but mostly older editions. Reference books are adequate, but must be checked in the Library on Tuesday and Thursday evenings when we are open from 5:30 to 8:00 pm.

The Fiction side of reading is sort of a double deal. We have hard covers for just about any taste, but again, fairly old copies. Our Pocketbook section has somewhere around 2000 books, when all are returned, on various subjects, but if you are looking for something special you may have a tough row to hoe.

Various magazines and periodicals are left on the tables in the Library for casual reading and browsing purposes, and there is no silence rule. So, if you wish to come in, sit and talk quietly for awhile, no problem. The fellow behind the bar....er... counter will check your books in and out and be glad to help, if he can. And that's it! NOW, Please Editor, get off my back!

AND.....

I was passing the chapel the other day when I heard Organ Music coming from the back. Now, I like any kind of music and whenever I hear some I usually stop and take a listen. Well, I went back into the Chapel and started to listen. The Organist was playing a Hymn but it sounded a little different from

the Hymns I had heard in my youth. I finally found out why the hymn sounded strange to my ears...The Organist was using his left hand in a rock and roll rhythm. Now I have heard all kinds of music butBless the Lord with a Boogie Beat???????????????? I won't say the Organist is strange, but maybe a little Funny???

AND.....

Oh, one more thing before I quit..permanently....Paul Frank, our genial Committee Chairman has wanted, in the worst way, to be an M.C. whenever we have outside entertainment, but someone else has always gotten the job instead. This Family Day Paul has everything all set. He tells me that he has a large-sized club with which he plans to beat off anyone even trying to usurp that position. He is even going to get his beard trimmed for the happy occasion. Good luck Paul. Baby.
P.S. How do I put in for a transfer?...Anywhere...
NOTE TO EDITOR: You have had it Friend.....

OKAY

IT'S OKAY TO BE A MEMBER

BUT DON'T TELL ANYONE

IT'S OKAY TO GO OUT AT NIGHT

BUT DON'T TELL ANYONE

BECAUSE THEY WILL TELL
BIG BROTHER

AND HE WILL BUG YOU

--Paul

WE WISH TO EXPRESS APPRECIATION TO BOB COULTON FOR HIS ASSISTANCE WITH THE EDITORIAL MECHANICS OF THIS EDITION. Ed.

SF WHAT AWAITS ME IN THE DESERT by Bill Hutton

My son, if you read this, I will be with my fathers in hell...

I, Necho, Pharaoh Tankmun, 50 years, have received the message from the priests at Luxor--the gods await me in the Western desert.

I am not religious. It comes as a shock to me. I support the temples of Amun-Ra of course, and the pantheon of Egypt, because it is cultural history and an honor of my people. But I do not believe in gods or believe there are gods waiting for me in the Western desert. The priests and the nobles have merely decided I am too old to rule. Some tribe of executioners awaits me in the sun-baked wadis out there, but I must go because The One is never afraid. I am supposed to be a god myself, so death is not my enemy.

I go to a small temple called Hain-mut-dun, which means "The Phoenix rises," but I know that I merely march stupidly to my grave. Having nowhere to turn, I will go out in style. I am preparing the equipage "to do honor to the gods"---so that I look decent as they cut me to pieces and feed me to the vultures. They'll come back without me and tell the simple folk that I ascended into heaven to my father Osiris.

Wouldn't you know it? I just called in an astrologer and he told me a wild story about how it was the end of the 500 year period and The Phoenix was due to meet the ruling One ! How these rats stick together!

A servant of the high priest Hasput just ran in to tell me I would be riding in style in some sort of wagon with his master. Sweetmeats and wines and dancing girls to rub shoulders with before I join my ancestors! Oh well, it's better than having the top of my head sawed off!

Good news! One of the generals begged audience in private and swore he was loyal to me. I spoke to him of my fears of the priests' trickery and he laughed.

"They wouldn't dare, pharaoh!" he said, " I myself will command the troops and I will see to it they all come from my nome! They wouldn't dare! If they try anything at all, we'll come back without them and say that Osiris called them to heaven for a special course in how to be loyal priests to The Hawk of Egypt! Agreed?"

"Agreed," I said, much relieved. The general reassured me further that my excessive concern about trickery was merely a figment of my imagination. The people ate well enough, there was no war at the moment so they had money because they didn't pay so many taxes. He said a further truth: that I should have remarried since priests couldn't outfox women at all. We both laughed at the truth spoken in the jest.

I feel foolish now that I began this testament to you, my son, but as a matter of historical interest I will keep it as a journal. It isn't every reign that sees The Coming of The Phoenix !

As I recall, grandfather Thotmes recorded some omens during his reign

that didn't seem to be The Phoenix because it wasn't a 500 year period. But he does write that they shone like the sun and seemed to be flat chariots of some kind moving in the air above the desert of early morning. The account doesn't say anything about them more than this. Apparently his sorcerers swore to him that it was the spells of the Amalakites. I do recall that he gave them the sword a few times for being so rude as to wake him up this early in the morning to watch their tomfoolery. Grandfather wasn't to be frightened by a few wheels rushing around in the heavens! After all, if they weren't chariots with proper scythes attached to them for mowing the enemy with, what good were they? I was I was as practical as he was. Somehow I still have a nasty feeling about the event we begin on tomorrow. The temple is two days journey into the Western desert. I wonder why it is located there. Perhaps the gods insist on privacy, or the spot is sacred because it is the center of the world...

Much to my surprise, Hasput is jovial to travel with. He is keeping a journal of the event too, so he didn't think my tablets were strange at all. He was delighted I knew the old language so well.

The riding is rough, but my faithful general is there with his loyal troops, Hasput is alone except for one scribe from the priesthood of Sais, and there aren't any dancing girls. The food is simple army food. Good! It gives the expedition a serious air. Hasput is delighted with all the astrological signs which point to Good Fortune all the way. I must say that I am a little embarrassed at what I shall do to comfort the old fool if nothing appears. Oh well, in true priestly fashion he will probably only wag his head and curse the auguries for misjudgement! These people never lose. I only wish ruling a physical universe was half as pliable as ruling the spiritual one!

The nights are cold out in the Western desert. The sand is heaped up deceptively too. We had to get out and walk on the second day out from Memphis because the wagon master didn't trust the terrain. It is slashed with deep crevices full of a quaking sort of sand that gives way at times and men get buried in it.

The temple was a disappointment from outside. It lies half-submerged by the sands at the moment. There is no caretaker. I wondered why. Hasput explained to me that even he could not enter the temple. It was only for The Pharaoh to do.

I felt utterly ridiculous, but I walked up to the portico in mid-morning and when I was stopped by sand too deep to wade in, the soldiers dug a path for me down the tortuous channels leading to the outer door of the temple. I found this to be sealed by some fellow called Har-pen-ut-sum. I had never read any such name in the history books. Hasput knew it to be authentic though. It was the high priest of 500 years previously. Hasput would break the seal so that I might enter and after the event was over (the next day was the exact day of augury!) he would re-seal the entrance. It would stay that way for 500 years more.

Hasput broke the seal before the scornful eyes of the unbeliever(me!) and then I had a shock. The doorway was circular in shape. The instant the seal was broken it began to turn outwards, like a great plug with screw

threads on it from a wine tun. But this screw turned all by itself. I was aghast.

"How is this possible?" I asked Hasput.

"It is the power of the ancients!" Hasput whispered. "The gods put this mechanism there themselves! It is also thought that if some one other than yourself were to enter this temple the gods would seal them in there for eternity!"

As the circular plug screwed out I discerned a door in the side of the plug itself.

"This is your door alone, pharaoh!" Hasput said respectfully. "I will await the omens here, while you await them within!"

I screwed up my courage and walked up to the dark doorway. The passage turned at a sharp angle which cut across the plug diagonally. I could see easily that once that plug was returned to its socket there would be no egress. I walked boldly across the smooth floor of the channel and as I stepped on the threshold of a large lighted chamber beyond, I glanced back with a feeling of horror. The plug had already returned flush with the outer wall of the temple! I was entombed!

A voice laughed in my head.

"Come now, pharaoh! You have private audiences! So do we!"

I turned and looked and saw the the inner chamber was full of people. I thought I was dreaming because they didn't seem strange at all.

"What were you prepared for, pharaoh?" the voice laughed at me. "Monsters! After all, we only wore those animal heads so that we could be identified by the people with the totem gods of their own nomes! We began with pretty primitive tribes here, you know!"

I found my voice and asked respectfully, "And how long ago was this, sire?"

Funny! My mouth moved, but my words didn't sound in the chamber, only in my head. Everything we spoke was only in my head. In fact, it is my opinion that when I entered the temple I had stepped into a region other men not favored by a standing invitation would call empty. A void in appearance, but full of dimensions with special entrances.

"Right, Necho!" my jovial host said, "You are welcome, but the rest of the world isn't!"

I sat down beside him and was offered food and drink. There was music and the others at the long table at the feast minded their own business and talked to one another.

My host said his name but I found it unpronounceable. He asked about the kingdom and I talked for hours while he listened and questioned me

about every detail of my stewardship.

"Are you having a good time?" he asked me, finally.

I admitted that I wasn't and he laughed." Well, pharaoh, I suppose it feels much to you as it does to one of your chiefs of towns when the Grand Vizier comes to call!"

I had to smile at that. It must have been very like. You feel like a child caught putting his hand in the cookie jar by the nanny. She won't spank you for it, it isn't really a crime, you just feel rather inept and empty-headed. Wit fails you. I'm sure I talked just like the peasant in fear of the overseer's whip confesses to the last mina of corn in his granaries.

I got drunk at the feast, but I recall the faces smiled at me and my host promised me a long life and advised me to honor Hasput more.

I came to my senses just as I stepped out of the dark doorway into the sunlight.

"The gods be praised!" Hasput said in reverence as the plug went noiselessly back into the wall. He sealed it as his ancestors had always done.

"Were the omens good?" I found myself asking Hasput genially.

"Indeed, sire!" Hasput said, and recounted to me how he had seen the gods depart in their sunship that seemed to burn, and yet arose out of ashes and fell into the sky in the flick of his eyelashes and was gone.

As we trundled our way homeward he exulted, "Our auguries are improving, sire! Wait until the others hear what science is ours forever!"

They will be proud, and so am I. My son, I leave you a kingdom well-connected in every realm of being. Your loving father,

Necho Upranistanæa

Wherein I have a new name because I have seen.

L.K.Harrison.....

"Just a little water for my beak to dabble in;
The other ducklings in the pond will not make room for me.
Just a little puddle for my feet to paddle in;
Just a little pond for me!"



I took my can of water and I made a little hole;
I filled it full of water drops to please his little soul.
He dabbled, dabbled, pattered, spattered, very gay,
And as I listened carefully, I thought I heard him say:

"Just a little water for my beak to dabble in;
Nothing can be nicer than this hole so neat and wee.
Just a little puddle for my feet to paddle in;
Just a little pond for me!"

Kartoon Kerner



"FEEL LIKE FILLING OUTA GREAVENKE?"

Dorothy Chunn,
Centre of Criminology Library,
Room 8001,
130 St. George Street,
TORONTO, Ontario.

